

A black and white photograph of a building, likely a school or church, with a prominent weather vane on its roof. The building features a series of arched windows and a small cupola. The sky is filled with large, dramatic clouds. The title "THE WESLEYAN" is printed in a bold, sans-serif font in the upper right portion of the image.

**THE
WESLEYAN**

THE WESLEYAN

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We sent our imagination winging. In a silvery airplane we soared aloft over the world. To each one the flight disclosed something different.

Some, looking back, saw the hills and valleys of the past. Some, peering ahead, sought a glimpse of the future. One gazed upward and lost herself in the clouds, while others, looking down were preoccupied by the landscape over which they were flying. A few observed the shadow of the plane on the battlefield.

Here is the record of our flight—our impressions of the past, our interpretations of the present, our aspirations for the future.

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PASSAGE FOR ONE

Hamilton stirred uneasily in the smooth leather chair. The hum of the airline waiting room had grown more persistent as the hour for the Delta plane to depart grew nearer.

"Going home, soldier?" It was the elderly man to his right that asked. "Been traveling much or this your first trip?"

Hamilton smiled crookedly, "Well, you might call action over Tunsia a bit of a trip, sir."

At once the man was alert, interested. "Oh, so you've been 'over there'? What was it like? Get a bit of a kick out of it? Er—I notice your bar. A mite young aren't you, Major, but prouder than ever?" The stranger beamed jovially at the young man.

"Yes, sir," Hamilton admitted shyly, "but I guess that bar is sort of a reward for those six enemy planes I rounded up."

"This is an honor—to talk with a hero!"

"Oh, I'm no hero, sir, just doing my duty."

"Sounds like the very speech I made back in '19. But, let me introduce myself. I'm Jones, K. L. Jones. Guess I'm one of those little business men that're turning out bombs and shells that helped you blast Romel. I saw action in that first war and I'm a bit anxious to compare notes with some one who has had experience in this fight. You know, to see if African soil is as easy to win back as French. Tell me, Major—"

Hamilton shifted his gaze from the piercing eyes of Jones. With a bit of hesitation he broke in, "You'll understand, since you were in the last war, that this business is no fun to talk over. Besides, the O. W. I. and the Army might not appreciate it." The man's tone was stiff and cold.

Jones recoiled at once. The spirit of adventure slid away from his frame and he relaxed

against his chair. "Sorry" he sighed, "Didn't realize the situation. Felt just as you do though, when I came back."

With an effort the older man summoned his faculties to continue the conversation. "Er—since I began this chat, do you mind if I go on?"

"Of course not," Hamilton's voice was lighter, eager to discuss everyday affairs.

Jones glanced at the clock over the exit. "Hummm, another fifteen minutes. Well, as long as I get home in time to talk my daughter out of getting married tomorrow, time's not so important to me."

"You're lucky to count time so recklessly. I've a three-day furlough so you know how valuable each moment is."

"You were wounded—and sent home for repairs?"

"Yes, sir." He said it briefly, quickly closing the topic to further conversation.

"Now you are on furlough and making a flying trip to your home town—probably to see a girl?"

"Yes, just to see my girl." Hamilton's voice held a hint of wistfulness.

"Ummm, this modern age. Which reminds me—I'm flying home to talk my daughter out of getting married."

"I remember you mentioned it."

"Yes. She's set her head on marrying this boy and it looks like I'm the only one who can talk her out of it."

"Oh. And why shouldn't your daughter be married?" His tone was not belligerent, merely questioning. "Isn't she old enough or—"

Jones reached for a cigar, puffed heavily as he lighted it, and cocked his head to the right—as if weighing the matter for the first time.

"She's old enough—twenty-three, I guess,

and she's finished college. But," he sucked his cigar, "Peggy's still too young—at least to my eye."

Hamilton chuckled. "Probably she's your only daughter or perhaps the only child so you haven't let her grow up."

"Ummm. Perhaps. Peg's my baby girl. I've struggled through pig-tails and braces with her, seen her through four years of college, and, now, that she's come into full bloom and just the right age to enjoy—another man wants to take her away."

"So you're going to fly home, talk your daughter out of it—all in a day's work!"

"No doubt her mother has had the church decorated and the house dolled up for days ahead. My wife is altogether too fond of weddings. It makes no difference to her what man Peggy marries—just so he's a man. I've got to stop it. Peg's too young."

The young man's smile broadened, "But, surely, sir, you don't intend for your daughter to die an old maid?"

"There have been worse things, my boy."

"You must not know the man she's to marry?" Hamilton was leaning forward in his chair now, alert to the father's story.

"Oh, I met him once—between a rubber of bridge and Charlie McCarthy. I imagine he's a nice chap or Peggy wouldn't want to marry him, but—"

"Perhaps I'm too inquisitive, sir, but—"

"Not at all. I'd like to get your opinion. You're part of the younger generation so you might understand." Jones puffed nervously at the now smoldering cigar.

"Is your daughter engaged? Has she known this man long enough?"

"They're engaged all right," Jones spoke grudgingly. "She's got the ring and all. She's known him pretty long, too, but—" The thing I don't like—the boy's been away—at the front—and he's coming back. War changes a man," he paused—"how can I be sure—"

Hamilton nodded.

"The only sensible thing for me is to get home and straighten out this business. If I don't get there, well—. Er—I hope I'm not boring you, Major."

"Not at all, sir. It's rather a relief to hear a father discuss his daughter's future. It's peaceful and reassuring."

"War and war-times and war-marriages. That's what I'm afraid of."

"You and your wife must have been married during the last war, so—"

"What's that got to do with this?"

"Well, the same thing that happened to your wife is happening to your daughter."

"Yes, that's true. While Nettie and I have had a happy marriage, I—I shudder when I think of Peggy going through the trials that her mother experienced."

The noise of the air terminal had faded into a dull roar as the men sat talking. They were two men alone, discussing a question as old as antiquity. Each searching in the other for confidence in himself—Jones, desiring to hear from the younger man that his views were neither poppy-cock nor old-fashioned; Hamilton, testing his attitude before an older man who had known the struggles of war and the things war did to a man's soul.

"We're young only once, sir," Hamilton broke in.

"Yes, my boy. Thank God we're only young once. Man couldn't stand the mad pace of youth twice in one life time."

"Your daughter must be fairly intelligent. Can't you trust her?"

"Trust her?" the father's tone bordered on indignation. "Certainly I trust her!"

"Still you want to stop her marriage?"

"See here, Major, are you trying to turn me into a parental tyrant?"

"Not at all, sir. I only wondered why—"

"Why I can't give Peggy my blessing and
(Continued on page 25)

CRYSTAL CLEAR

When we think of wings to the future
It's perfectly obvious
That the thing we're most concerned with
Is what's going to happen to us.

Will we all become brides or widows
Or will some of us end teaching school?
We might even find the toughest
As guards at a swimming pool.

So let's look into the crystal ball
Beyond ten years or so
It might prove to be a definite shock
But it's something we ought to know.

The first face that appears is Stoops'
Only she's "Oomphy" Sharpette by name
And with blond Maggie Wise she's out West
Seeking Earl Carroll fame.

Now Chi Phi House Mother, B. Allen
Has to work from night to morn
For besides taking care of "her boys"
She's renowned in advice to love lorn.

Martha White is the saddest of cases
For standing year after year
In her wedding gown at Miami's air field
She waits for Alec to appear.

M. F. Webb is in foreign fields
We see her in far off Japan
Where she's teaching the yellow youngsters
To eat hot dogs and play kick-the-can.

Jackie Andrews married somebody's brother—
I can't remember just who,
Now she's Yifton's social leader
With a Veronica Lake hair-do.

Heading the W. C. T. U.
Is our old school chum "Thug"
While Giese is at the Stork Club
Cutting the well known rug.

As John L.'s new successor
Hill booms for the C. I. O.
And diverts the eyes of the nation
From that silly so-and so.

Le Febre is trying to appeal
To the populace everywhere
To help her convert the few Japanese
That are left over there.

Ethelyn's school in New York
For lessons on walking with grace
Is the most fashionable seen anywhere
Including China and Thrace.

Lina Jones while singing at Fay's
Has revived that popular tune
When she sings "Laziest Gal in Town"
She puts them all in a swoon.

Clancy hasn't spoken in seven years
For she runs a school for mutes
While Betty Howell is the latest sarong girl
Which her beautiful suntan just suits.

But look, the crystal is clouding
What has caused this sudden dim-out?
Now all that appears is a grave stone
With the following words devout:

"Lest we forget that Polly Anne Dasher
While making a psychological study in Rome
Stopped by Ireland to visit friends
And fell under the Blarney Stone."

FLIGHT

I couldn't stand it any longer. I started running. The two history books, gloatingly knowing full well that a careful comparative report on their contents was due in the morning, struggled to hold me back. The pencil, poking shamefacedly out of one of the books, pointed its sharp finger at me. But I rushed on out of the door. The calls of *The Man of Property*, proud of his assignment to active duty, after his dull internment on the library shelves, sounded in my ear, "You haven't read a one of my Galsworthian words, haven't even cracked me." Fainter and fainter the calls sounded as I ran furiously down the steps. "I would have to go back," I faltered. But by this time I was standing at the screen door, heading into the court. There was a patch of sky, perfect blue, outside that door. I had to go on.

As I ran over the golf course, Kant's "Categorical Imperative" was chasing me, demanding, "When do you think you are going to read a hundred pages about me? This isn't the way to the library." The old imperative call of C. M. L. put dead weights in my feet. I knew that 1,000 pages of philosophy parallel would be required of me in a week just before—Here I fell flat on the ground. Exams, the unthinkable thought! You couldn't run away from exams, no matter how many times you wished that if that airplane were going to hit sometime, it would now, before you had to go into Tate Hall, write your name on a little blue book, and realize that you could not answer a single question. You could not escape exams. The only thing unexpected was that you might get so scared at that last fatal minute when the teacher called time that you would utterly forget your name and have to turn in the blue book without anything on the outside, too.

I lay a long time on the ground, beaten down

by the thought of exams; but all spring came seeping, whispering so soothingly over me that the unthinkable ceased to exist; I got up slowly and lightly hurried to my favorite spot. Here there was not the slightest whisper of my pursuers. Summer had thrown golden apples to stop them, or maybe, happy day, they had had a sunstroke while chasing me or the bushes had clung to their scholarly gowns.

I lay down and looked up—into a whole wide heaven of bluest blue, extending everywhere. I hadn't taken flight to my castle in the sky in such a very long, industrious winter time. Now to look, look into the sky until my eyes see more than they have ever seen in the houses of the earth.

There was my white cloud castle today, ethereal, changing, yet how eternal. There was my balcony with sky peeping through, where on many a late afternoon and in early twilight, in my white frock all of billows and ruffles I have leaned lightly on the rail—waiting, listening, yearning.

My eyes drifted to another dream spot of the never-never-ending blue where white cloud lambs were frolicking in the game of Run, Sheep, Run. One little fellow with the roundest, chubbiest little body of fleecy cloudiness couldn't seem to keep up with the others and tagged along behind.

Suddenly I leaned upon me elbow. There—there waddling along was C3, the new canine addition to third floor Junior-Senior. Then right above me, galloped a white horse, hurdling a fence of clouds. On the back of my Pegasus I galloped and cantered and trotted for miles and miles over the blue meadow.

Up there—how high,—on that blue lake a swan cloud floated, gracefully bending its slen-

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ONE SOUL SUPREME

Some called Sidney independent. Unquestionably there was something about her that placed her apart from other people. One could see it in the way she arched her brow and looked at a person with those dark, indescribable eyes that seemed to pierce right through him.

"I guess I'm just different," she would say, the corners of her mouth turning up ever so slightly in a half cynical smile. She enjoyed this differentness. It set her apart from the crowd. "Not that I don't like people," she went on. "Really they amuse me sometimes with their foolish antics. It's just that most of them prove so boring with their shallow thoughts. Show me one man who thinks deeply enough to interest me, and I'll marry him."

Many people thought Sidney had found the man when she met Paul at the literary tea in Newport. "God only knows what I was doing there," he said afterwards. "There's not much literary value in a sports column. But it's where I met Sidney, and I know that's right."

Paul was congenial, kind-hearted, and frank. He admitted his education had not exceeded high school; but he had twelve good years of experience on some of the nation's largest newspapers to supplement it. His family was middle-class. His interests lay in all things beautiful, but were imbedded in the ruggedness of the earth. Sidney was something new for him. He loved her instantly. The first few days he never dismissed thought of her from his mind. Because he loved her, he put her on a pedestal, worshipped her. Yet that was before he realized that she expected him to do it. Not only that; it seemed she actually imagined herself superior. She acted that way.

Still Paul never said anything. For six months he went on loving and forgiving and loving while he suppressed incident after inci-

dent that hurt him. Most of the time he forgot the hurts, anyway, as he lived a life full of the radiance of his love for Sidney. Who can say just what was the straw that broke the camel's back, or when it came? Certainly just Sidney's refusal to go on a house-party wouldn't have been enough. Yet that's when Paul's resistance broke. He turned sharply to face her, dug his fists into his pockets, and declared, "I'm through . . . through letting you stand on a pedestal and worshipping you like a goddess."

Sidney's eyebrow arched in the same old way. There was a sarcastic little smile turning up the corners of her mouth. She looked at Paul in a cold, superior, rather disinterested way. At last she said, "But, Paul, can I help it if I'm different?"

"Different?" he exploded. "Damn it, you're nothing but flesh and blood like me."

He didn't even look at her. Instead, he just went quite deliberately to the end table, snuffed out his cigarette in the elephant's mouth on the ash-tray, and walked to the door. "Best of luck, Sidney," he said indifferently. "Sorry it couldn't work."

He should have gone then; but for a minute the desire to go to her came over him. He felt there was something more to be said. Still battling within himself, he opened the door, paused for a moment looking back, and said, "See here, before I leave, I want to tell you this. It's not a goddess you remind me of—it's. Well, I read a poem once about a man who built a beautiful palace for his soul. He pampered the soul in every way; but he wasn't happy. He was miserable until he did one thing—He built a house by the side of the road where he could live with people and accept them as equal to himself. There's a poem by that name, Sidney—'The House by the Side of the Road' . . . Read it sometime."

Then he was gone. For a minute Sidney stood at the window, her slim body lounging against the wall panel. At last she let the drape fall back into place as she moved across the room, feeling the black fulness of her dinner gown sliding along the floor behind her. She lighted a cigarette, went to the piano, and began, subconsciously, to pick out notes with one hand. She stopped. She had been playing "If it is Love," the song that Paul called their song.

Suddenly the house seemed very empty.

Sidney's mind was racing swiftly—reviewing all that had happened on this day. Each event was a little detail of the story, and the scene with Paul the climax and explanation. If it had been the plot in one of her carefully constructed stories, it couldn't have been more perfect.

"I'm through worshipping you like a goddess," Paul had said.

"But can I help it if I'm different?"

"Different? You're nothing but flesh and blood like me!"

His words kept running through her mind. She wanted to forget him. He didn't deserve her anyway, she told herself. *She* was right.

She swung her legs up over the back of the couch, her body lying crosswise of the seat, her head hanging down off the edge. She wanted to feel the blood racing through her veins, pouring into her head, pounding out her pulse beats. It came now—the dull throbbing, and with it remembrances. The poem Paul had mentioned . . . She knew it well . . . Tennyson's "Palace of Art!" She liked it, but she certainly never applied it to herself.

"The man built a beautiful palace for his soul," she could hear Paul's words. And that morning, telephoning, saying "I'm frightfully sorry, Margaret; but a child in the house—and a refugee child at that. It's not that I don't like children, of course. But—well, I'm afraid I wouldn't get much creative work done if she were here. I must think of my career, you know . . . Surely there must be someone else—You

do understand, don't you, Margaret?"

"Oh, of course. That's perfectly all right, Sidney," had come the cold reply. "I didn't really think . . ."

Sidney replaced the receiver.

Then the man asking about the flower show. "Reynolds House is such a beautiful place, ma'am. We've always wanted to have the show in these gardens. It's quite an honor for you really. Surely you wouldn't mind."

"Surely you realize that this *is* Reynolds House. You *can't* expect me to open it as a fair grounds—to allow crowds to tramp through. Reynolds, you know—"

Even with Paul there had been a certain irritability sometimes. "Sidney, dear, there's to be a house-party this week-end at Rock Island. Do say you'll go."

"Who'll be there, Paul?" she asked disinterestedly.

"Oh, the regular bunch," came his reply. "Nothing highbrow, Sidney—probably not a Ph.D. in the crowd, nor a Vanderbilt, nor a Eugene O'Neill, nor even a Helen Hayes. But stop thinking about your Phi Beta Kappa; forget you're *the* Sidney Reynolds just this once."

He was afraid he'd said too much, for the eyebrow arched defensively. "Oh, darling, I don't want to hurt you. But you can't go on through life being bored with people. You've got to be with them—to realize that they're as good as you are."

"Are they?" she asked cynically.

Paul stood motionless for a moment, bewildered by her admission. He was undecided as to what to think. "Sidney!" he said in a tone only half audible, his whole love pleading in that one word.

But Sidney only continued to look at him in a rather amused way. "Are they?" she repeated.

Then had come his declaration "I'm through . . ." The outburst representing suppressed emotions of many weeks. And suddenly he had

(Continued on page 24)

WAR REVERIES

*A war
Which left a million beliefs
And dreams
Broken, like bits of blue glass
On sand.*

I

SWEETHEART

I was in your arms,
And you were whispering your love
In words age-old;
Words told in peace as well as war,
Beautiful words of love,
Far more glorious to me
Than Heaven's own shining star.

But by our chair
Lay a newspaper which screamed:
"Allies need one more victory!"
And suddenly it seemed
Your arms were not around me,
But around a comrade
Bleeding and dead—
And my hands held a newspaper
Which screamed the one word—
"Death!"

II

SOLDIER

I looked down sadly
At the man writhing beneath my bayonet—
And I was crying
Because his eyes were blue like my own,
And his lips, hot with death,
With mine intoned
One word:
"God" and
"Gott."

III
CHILD

"What is war, daddy?"
"It is a time when everyone hates
And kills millions of men—"
"But why is hate, daddy?"

Words of a child—

IV
WIFE

High and proud the flag waved,
Above a marching song,
And a chorus of voices paid homage
While I watched the scene
And prayed; and longed.

Still high and proud the flag waves,
But to me it seems crumbling away,
All for naught was my watching and praying,
For death has blanketed
My watching; my praying.

Can a flag, a nation's symbol,
Fill the new-emptied space in my heart,
Can I substitute those blue cloth-stars
For the night-stars with my love
In summer; in winter?

V
SOLDIER OF 1918

They laughed uproariously
And played—
They were trying to forget.
Ah, I remembered,
But I let them laugh.

And while they laugh
And play,
What tears would be wept,
What would they say
If they knew, what I knew
Of their death?

VI

FATHER

Son, I remember
 When you were a boy,
 With boyish eyes and heart.
 When a wayward dog
 Or a bright red kite
 Were a part of your every day.

(Ah, son, now you are grown,
 Not like a man
 With a boyish depth,
 But like a man used to murder
 And screaming death—)

And now your heart is bitter
 And cruelty lives in your eyes;
 Son, come back, return,
 To the blue, blue skies
 Of yesterday.

VII

PATRIOT

I cannot see
 The things of war
 That you call cruelty.
 For there can be but one sight—
 To die, to die for my country,
 And to do that—to fight!!

*And a war
 Where bodies writhing with pain,
 Lie giving their blood to the earth—
 While softly we hear
 The sound of that self-same earth
 Weeping.*

It is not thirsty.

—B. J.

frustration

i was sitting on lillys bed eating nuts—i always eat nuts on lillys bed—and talking to margaret smith about how mad we are at emily hearn for not writing us when marion came in with that look about her that made me think oh gosh i owe her some money but then i remembered that she had already asked me four times for something for the scribes issue of the wesleyan and that was probably what she had that look about her now for. it was. she said the theme of the mag was wings of the future—how ghastly—and would i write something *immediately* about airplanes—wonder what she meant by would i when she knew she meant i had to. guess that was diplomacy . . . presidents of the scribes must be diplomatic what with such temperamental artists in the scribes i suppose . . . anyway i said i didnt want to write on airplanes—spelled aeroplanes in tono-bungay which i just finished making only three more novels to go—i told her lilly was air-minded because shes gonna be a stewardess if her motherll let her. im slum-minded. i asked her if i could write about the east side cause ive been once and im going again when i graduate in twenty-three days. she said no didnt i have anything else in mind i could write about and i said i had entertained thoughts—ever since i saw the movie my sister eileen—of writing a book on my sister kathleen and how she sings in the church choir when everybody knows she cant carry a tune in a bucket but marion said no the theme of the mag is wings of the future and i would have to write on airplanes. well she left and i told margaret smith to tell me something to write about airplanes but she said she had to leave cause lucy quinn had asked her and mary to dinner.

i got out some yellow paper that sybil had given me to write my philosophy term paper on and tried to think of something to say about airplanes. the only thing i could think about was the white aircorps scarf lilly made for steve and how she wondered whether he ever got it or whether it was sunk and how long it takes mail and scarfs and things to get to all the strange places people are these days—even sending stuff air mail which brought me back to airplanes and the fact that that wouldnt do.

then i thought about writing about that crazy pilot who flies over or almost into our comparative religion class and how dumb he is and how nervous he makes me and everybody including dr akers. but i didnt like that either.

then i thought about writing some real poetic stuff on those giant birds free as the air soaring above the earth in majestic sweeps and then it got to be too silly and i stopped.

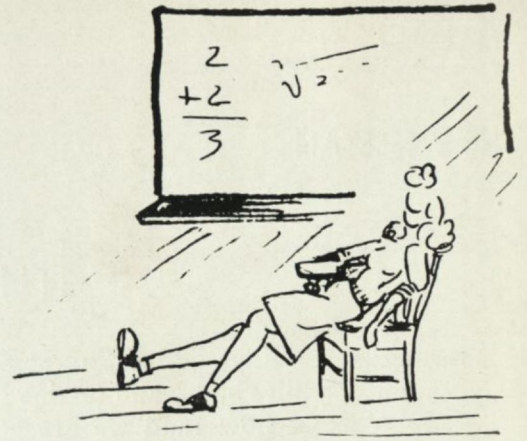
buff kenner came in said lets go to dinner and i couldnt on account of i was a scribe etc. she said her mother was coming to commencement on an airplane . . . but i couldnt write a paper on buff kenners mother coming on an airplane—marion would die.

buff was getting fretful about us going to dinner as if mrs gray ever rang the bell before six thirty five and a half.

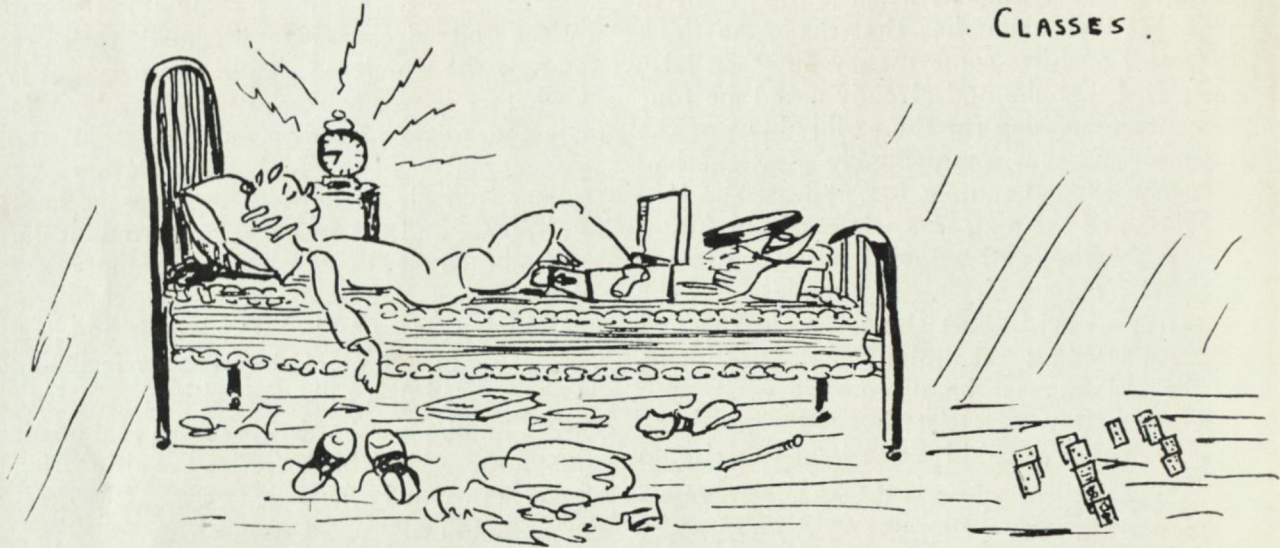
well i had four minutes left and as mabel said no thought came. i asked sarah ann white who is also a scribe what she had written and she turned pale and said nothing.

then i decided if gertrude stein can do it so can i—even if marion wont ever speak to me again.

—H. B.



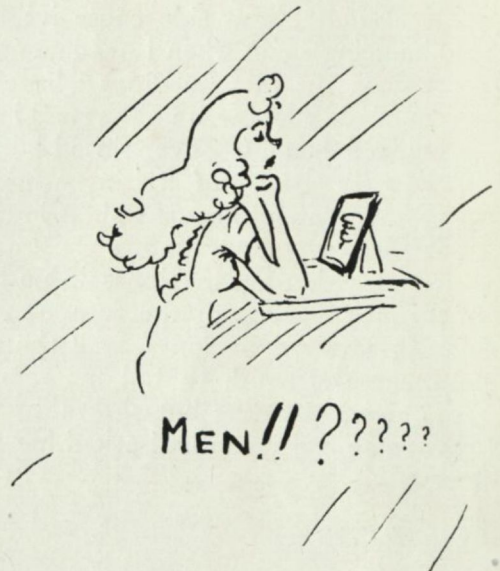
CLASSES .



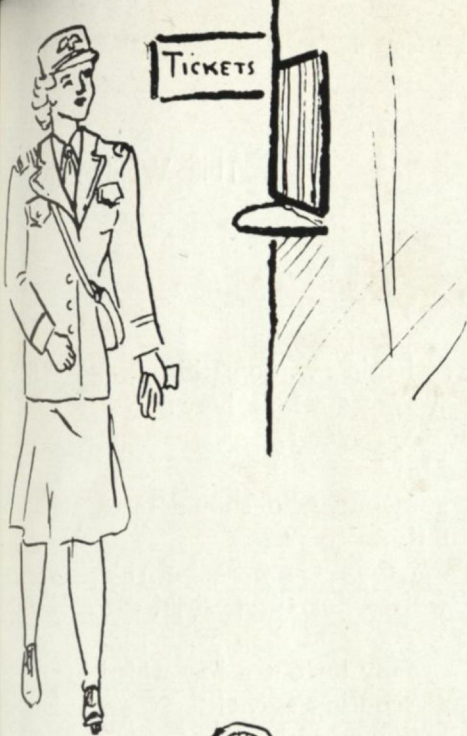
IT WAS A WONDERFUL WEEK-END...



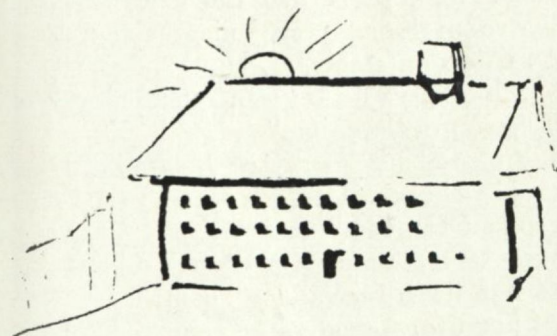
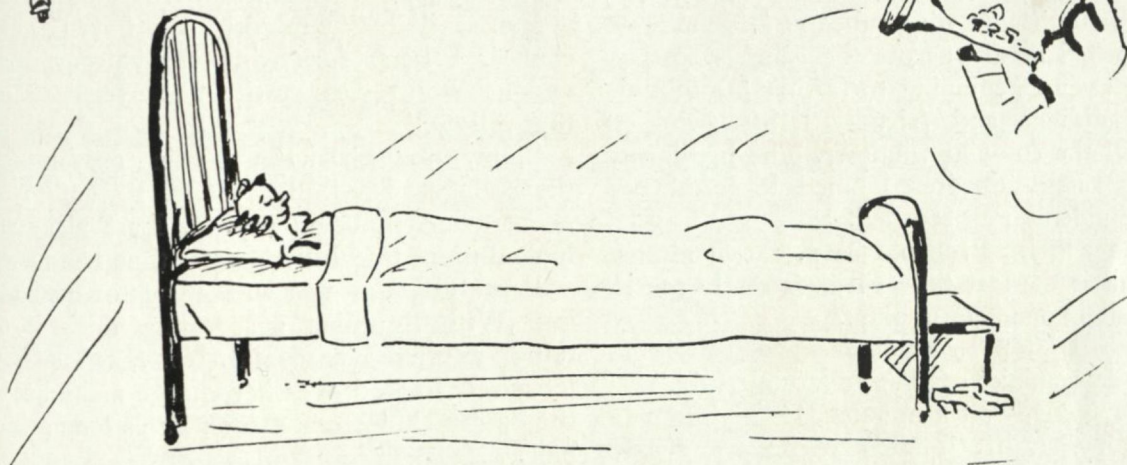
IT NEVER FAILS WHEN BATHING



MEN!! ?????



CLASSES.



DRILL AT 6 A.M.



MEN !!?????

...Ragan...

PAN HANDLES IT

"Jenny—Oooh Jenny!" Pan's mournful voice drifted down the dorm corridor like a puff of cigarette smoke winding leisurely out of a window. Dead silence reigned. An imperious "Jenny" finally brought a kerchiefed head swiftly out of room 211.

"Bring my false hair, will you? And *hurry!* Simpson will havva hizzy if we don't get on over to the theater."

"Okay, okay, but make way 'cause here I come."

The two girls, lugging suitcases and make-up kits, dashed madly across the campus square. Dusk was just beginning to fall on the mellow brick buildings and friendly lights twinkled from all the colonial windows. The brilliantly lighted Little Theater loomed large before them. Suddenly Pan stopped.

"Jenny, look at the old barn. I feel almost as if this is the last time I'll ever really see it, since this is our Senior play."

"Yeah, I know how you feel, but this is no time to be reminiscing. We're late already."

"But, Jenny, wait a minute. Don't you sorta feel as if your life is about to be over? The play tonight, getting our speech diplomas next week, and then what?"

"Then maybe anything. Personally I'd love to do summer stock. Or maybe Broadway. Or even Hollywood. But we'll both probably end up teaching elocution or expression to seventh graders! But now the important thing is to get to the Senior play. My lord, there Simpson is wringing her hands on the steps."

Just at that moment little Miss Simpson spotted the latecomers and cupped her hands in a nervous gesture. "Girls, girls, do hurry! I have something important to tell you." She fluttered her bird-like hands eloquently. As they panted up to her she said, "Oh, dears, I don't

know where to begin . . . Something wonderful has happened. Guess who's here?"

"President Roosevelt?"

"Clark Gable?"

"No, but someone who should mean more than either of those to you—

"None other than Gary Sanborn!" Simple preened and waited for the desired effect. She got it.

"Jeepers!" Jenny let out a low whistle. Not *the* Hollywood scouting agent!"

Pan waived, "Ohmigosh! We haven't got a chance. I keep forgetting the balcony scene, and he won't even notice poor Jenny behind that pillow."

"Now, now girls. I'm counting on you to do the college proud. But Jenny, I want to see about your make-up myself. Last night you looked more like Juliet's sister than her nurse."

Pan and Jenny flew to the back of the building. With lightning speed, they donned costumes, applied greasepaint. Jenny, as the Capulet nurse, looked over her charge and adjusted the dainty rhinestone cap on Pan's long golden hair.

A sudden knock rattled the panels of the dressing room door. "Hey, Juliet—almost time for you to go on stage."

Juliet, looking a little green, mourned gently, "Well, here goes nothing."

Jenny patted her gently on the back. "This is your big chance. Don't forget I've got my eyes crossed for you."

Hours later, Simpson fluttered charmingly around her little blue living room having the time of her life. Actually, the woman doted on these small informal parties for her play casts. She was proud—proud that the play had gone off so well and proud to be playing hostess to Gary Sanborn. She wondered what he had

thought of the play. He was mixing beautifully with the boys and girls, complimenting and encouraging them. There he was, sitting on the staircase with Pan Crews. She started toward them with a platter of sandwiches. They were certainly engrossed in conversation, she thought! She waved the plate before them, "Sandwich?" she asked.

"Thanks, no, Simpie, dear; I'm stuffed to the gills."

Gary Sanborn snagged two or three of the dainty mouthfuls and said "Marvelous food." Simpie fluttered away from them and moved to another group.

Sanborn turned hastily back to Pan as if he couldn't get enough of her tiny upturned nose and piquant mouth. "But really, Miss Crews, I don't understand your attitude. You're certainly nothing like most of these stage-struck youngsters I meet at every twist in the road. Here I am offering you a contract to go to Hollywood, and you refuse!"

"Yes, I suppose it does seem strange, but you see there really is a reason, and a good one too." She extended her left hand. There he saw a huge solitaire, and whistled. "Engaged, Huh?"

"Yep, that's it."

"Well, congratulations and best wishes are in order, I suppose, but I need a little sympathy, myself. You see I'd wanted you to come for a special reason. M. V. M. is casting a very important southern novel, and I've come all the way to Georgia to select the characters. And you are just what we need for a fairly important part."

"Mmmm! Sho' sounds tempting, Mistuh. But you know, I've got just the person for the part."

"Now who do you think would be able to take your place? I wish there *were* two of you around loose!"

"Why, Jenny, of course! Why, everybody says we look a lot alike and she is a much bet-

ter actress than I am."

"Jenny. Who is Jenny?"

"Why, you know—she was my nurse in the play tonight. Really, that was a horrible part for her to play and you had no chance to judge her abilities as a southern belle, but she'd be marvelous. There she is now, talking to the boy in the sailor suit."

"Um yes . . . she is nice looking—that red-hair is a knock-out. But I'm afraid she's a little too mischievous looking. The girl I'm looking for must be sweet and innocent looking . . . kind and understanding . . . in other words, you."

"Well, I couldn't consider going without Jenny. Not that I'm considering any career other than marriage, of course," she amended hastily.

Sanborn shook his head slowly, "Well, I'm afraid not. Frankly my dear . . ."

Without warning the room was plunged into the blackness of night.

A deep masculine voice spoke from the depths of the blackness. "Well, it couldn't possibly be a black-out. There was no warning blast. It must be a blown fuse."

Simpie gathered her wits and said, "Oh, yes, that's it. Now here's a candle in this drawer, and if someone will be good enough to light a match. Ah, there it is."

The handsome boy in the sailor suit volunteered, "If you'll just show me where the fuse box is, Miss Simpson, I'll have it fixed in no time."

"Yes, yes. Thank you, Rob. We'll only be gone a moment. Now you all just entertain yourselves. Play the piano or something." She and Rob disappeared through the doorway.

Pan's voice cut through the candlelight. "Jenny, how about doing that scene from "Dark Victory?"

"Please, Jenny." Voices all over the room murmured in approval . . . "She's wonderful in
(Continued on page 26)

Dear darling,
You ask me what you can do to help us win the
war—
I can only tell you the same trite things you've
heard so much before
Buy war bonds—all you can—yes, and that
Red Cross work is good.
Lord knows what we'd do without it in this hell
of blood
And screaming shells and rain and mud.
But there's something more I have to ask of
you.
I'll tell you what I'm thinking and hope you can
plow through
This maze of words to something that means
everything to me
You are to me all this war *isn't*, do you see?
Do you know what I see when I close my eyes?
I don't see the jungle with its clawing vines and
crawling flies
I don't hear the whine of bombs or the machine
gun's steady roar
Instead I see you again as I saw you once be-
fore—
A wisp of blue and gold dancing on a crowded
floor.
You winked—I cut in—what else could I do?
I remember wondering at the daintiness of you,
At the fragrance of your hair as it blew across
my face.
I tried to dance—finally said—"Let's get out
of this place!"
Memories like that even a war can't erase.
Every night I pray that war times frantic pace
Won't leave its savage metallic imprint on
your face.
You ask in your letters what you can do—
Why, most of all, darling, just keep being you!

Your
"Fighting Yank"
—H. E.

Make Believe

God's scales always somehow balance. Did you ever notice? Just like every girl doesn't have everything. Watch them closely enough and you'll find many hidden griefs and just as many hidden happinesses.

One of the richest experiences that can come to a person is to find some one with whom you can play make-believe. Silly? You may think so. It's really not child's play at all. It's really a lovely understanding between two people. Maybe it's that thing that makes up for years of not knowing one another. If you spend your whole life looking for it, it's worth it if you find it. You're lucky, really lucky.

I knew a man—just an ordinary man—until he looked down and said, "You're afraid of falling in love." I was. He understood. With him anything is fun. Maybe thousands of miles are between you. You can still play; impossible

things can come true. War may try hard, the world can try harder, life may separate you forever but still you are a richer person. Maybe it's that tiny little anchor in your heart where there will be peace knowing someone keeps his fingers crossed for you. You know, the type of person you invite to forget the Japs and jump two continents to come to a dance and he accepts with thanks and reminds you the last waltzes are his. Idealistic and imaginative? If you wish, you may think so.

You ask if I'm in love. Only he knows. Maybe I am and maybe I'm not. But what matters is, he knows.

I wish for you that you find a make-believe person. You think I'm a dreamer and a fool. Yes, perhaps, but a beautiful dreamer and a beautiful fool. Don't you pity people who can't dream? Are you afraid as I was afraid?

"He Wears a Pair of Silver Wings"

An airplane buzzes the school. We all hold our breath. But some Wesleyanne is thrilled because she knows that "the certain one" is signaling to her. No doubt she wears a pair of silver wings. One out of every five Wesleyannes does.

The boys work hard for these wings. Thirteen weeks of honest work. The gnawing doubt of whether or not they will make the grade. Graduation Day comes at last. They are proudly presented with a pair of silver wings. They are now lieutenants ready to fly for Uncle Sam anywhere from Africa to Hawaii. A pair of wings are mighty small. But they represent the

glory, honor, and courage that are always connected with the Air Corps.

Some of our Air Corps fans are: Emily Bell who got hers all the way from California, Betty Morris who will soon be an air corps wife, Gwen Resnick and Audrey Frapaul who went all the way to Louisiana to see Eddie and Leny, Effie Thornton who had to work three months to get the pair she is sprouting, the first floor freshmen who are busy keeping the morale of the Cochran Cadets high, and our old friend Carol Biel (Courshan) who left us to marry "Art."

—L. A.

THE MEANEST FLOWER

To all outward appearances I was dead. I had been dead for several hours now. People had been walking around the room saying that I was dead. It must be so. I was in a state of strange apprehension. A metamorphosis from the animate to the inanimate. I knew I wasn't moving, that is, no one in the room seemed to notice that I was moving. Still I was light, so light that the air in the room seemed to be blowing me hither and yon and I had the sensation of being in contact with everything in the room at precisely the same instant.

The dust in the corners was warm and furry. I rolled over and over wallowing playfully in its luxurious softness.

Someone was sitting in the rocking chair talking. The more she whispered her tones, the more plainly I could hear. I shouted at her, I screamed at her, I tore at her eyes until she became nervous and uneasy and got up and left the room. It was wonderful! I could just listen to the rocking of the chair without any other disturbance. It rocked, it billowed, and it swayed, in great surges of rhythm, while I, wild and ferocious, in my ecstatic transport rolled and reeled with it until I became dizzy from the joy of mere moving.

This room, this same parlor that I had known and loved all my life, was magnificent! It was familiar. Like nothing I had ever come in contact with before, it was familiar. At once it was spaceless, boundless, universal. I became lost and found myself and then became lost again. It was definite, it was binding until I gnawed at the ropes of its walls with a savage fury, until I released myself and sprang and leaped and jumped about, hilariously, in a freedom never felt before.

Then the lamp lured and beckoned me. Why had I never noticed before what a beautiful be-

ing it was! Fascinated, I calmed to a fresh exciting pitch. Inertness and quickness became one and the same as I felt myself drawn towards the voluptuous warmth of light. It was like some exotic mysterious feminine creature. I allowed myself to lie in her rays and relax until I was formless. My arms up under my head held no weight as I swooned to the smooth stroking of her gentle touch. Timelessness is a novel thing to one so newly dead.

For an unearthly space of no interruptions I did not move. Then my restless spirit was swooped up by a gust of air and shot clear to the high ceiling where I bounced and tumbled on the vast beige colored plain, until becoming dazzled by a brilliance, I paused for a brief span to find myself facing the chandelier. A shining tree of pellucid crystal. Up I climbed among its cold, hard, branches of majestic glass until I sat at the top and kicked my feet, while all the transpired colors yet known to man mixed, mingled and merged into various sprouts and buds. For a long time this pleased me, for a long time.

Then swiftly a tick caught my ear, then another, and another, until I became delirious in their rapidity. Steadily, surely, incessantly, they lashed at my brain. They stung my soul. They pushed me, engulfed me, and when I was almost drowned in a streaming torrent of unfaltering clicks, I knew what it was! It was rain! Yes! That's what it was! I reached for a window and there was this rushing, flooding, shimmering rain that was covering me with its force. There it was, biting the fog. Passionately whipping everything within its reach. Then the power of my being came back to my mind and I fought the sparks of water burning me. I laughed and laughed, in barbarous confusion, until no sound could be heard but myself. No

sound living or dead could survive the storm of my brain.

Then quietly, soundlessly, one huge drop of water slid down a space. I choked and spurted and coughed as it caught in my throat. I all but succumbed to its salty flavor. This time it wasn't the violence of rain but a drip, one tear drop, that was shed because of me. I had to think. I had to think hard. Where could I find it. Where was it. It pained me. It ached me. I had to find it! It was in some far crevice of the room. I didn't think I could ever reach it. It was always farther away. Always just beyond. Desperately, with every ounce of my strength, I glided into it. It was my mother! Queer, I had forgotten I had a mother! There she stood with a swimming look of maternal pride gazing at me, destroying me with her very tenderness. "Mother!" I cried, "Mother!" And once again the unperishable glory of that woman lived in me. For the first moment since my birth I was feeling the blessed love a mother has for a child. No longer was there a world of the external for me. As I stood there breathing with her, sobbing with her, in a far off corner of my mind I heard myself playing my violin. It was a melody I had learned when a very young boy. Mother sat staring.

I began to dance, slowly at first, then a little faster then faster and faster and faster. I swept about the room flinging my arms, whirling dizzily, until tripping over one exhausted red rose nodding in my path, I stopped suddenly, and felt the enchanting music of flowers; silky strains no mortal ear has ever dared to hear before. They vibrated through my being until I too, curled, swayed, and oscillated, in velvet ripples of coagulated tones. I knew the wings of flowers to be mightier than their roots. I too, contained fragile feathers of perfume.

Up I soared. Away and beyond. Then there come a violent trembling. The flowers shivered

soundlessly. It was all over the room. Yes. I knew where it was coming from. It was a hand! It was the quivering drying, hand of my father. The erupting icy lava of his suffering. He was grief-cold. I caught his hand to steady it, when a dull click muffled my mind. Then another and another until I became delirious in their rapidity. Steadily, surely, incessantly, they covered my brain. They got deeper and deeper and softer and softer. I drifted, sifted, floated, almost smothered, in a mist of whiteness. It was snowing! Everything was curved. Rounded waves of silent snow. I reached for another window and there it was, falling flakes of ethereal purity.

Then one white spot grew clearer than the rest. Softer than the rest. A delicate work of feminine loveliness. It was a face. The face of my fiancée. A way back, ages eternal, I was a man and this was the face of the woman I loved. Male? Female? When had love become sexless? When had I lost contact with masculine virility? No longer was I inhibited by my sexual tastes. I was a mixture of manliness and effeminacy. Brazenly did I adore weakness. Beauty blushed because of my boldness. This I was—gentle. This I was—strong. A melting mass of emotion.

Blurred cascades of language flowed through the room. I was warm. I was restless. I was hungry for the stars. I had a dissatisfied sense of a limited atmosphere. I threw myself against the walls and pushed with all my might. I beat upon the windows and pounded with all my strength. I was powerless. It was getting more and more difficult to concentrate. I realized I was slowly rising from the floor. The room was dissolving before my eyes. I knew nothing but the brightness that was myself. Up I went. Higher and higher and higher. Up and over the universe 'til I could sleep once more.

WHY?

Have you ever wondered why?

What is the irresistible charm in cutting classes? Why is it more tempting when all the cuts are gone? Something always comes up after you have received that fatal white slip from Miss Winn . . . unless, of course, you are smart enough to have voluntary attendance.

Why do many chapel speakers address us: "Never before have I spoken to a bevy of more beautiful girls?" We have not fallen for lines since the army came to town. And why do we always have a wicked self-satisfaction after we have cut chapel?

Why are Saturday night dates so much more important than dates on other nights? And why the never ending dullness on Sunday afternoons? Why do sensible people keep scrap books? We pride ourselves on being modern, a bit hard, and yet we tuck away bits of ribbon, cards, faded flowers and programs in an already crowded scrap book. Sentimentalism? And who hasn't wished upon the evening star, thrown a kiss to a red bird, stamped a white mule, or looked at the new moon over her right shoulder. Superstition?

Why do tall boys fall for the short girls, and short boys make a dash for the tall girls on the dance floor? Why, when you get a boy a blind date, does he turn out to be so much cuter than your own date? Why does it happen that every time you spot a very eligible male . . . tall, blond and smiling . . . he is usually married or dead in love with a girl back home who is coming down next week-end to protect her interests?

Why, if you put off washing your hair until late, does it always happen that someone wants you to go somewhere the instant you dip your head in the lavatory? Why does someone always call the minute you go out of the building, after you've been sitting around hoping all day?

Why do we never appreciate school until we are seniors? Why do people always cry at graduations and weddings? Why must seniors wear the hottest costumes . . . those black caps and gowns . . . at the hottest seasons of the year?

And why do we have to have exams?

I've often wondered why, haven't you?

—L. E.

DILEMMA

I sigh a new tune,
A senior song of woe.
Take my advice and look
To the harvest ere you sow.

I mailed five innocent letters,
Hoping for one job.
I told 'em all I'd come.
"Help me!" now I sob.

Just one job, only one
Is all that I can fill.
Why do I worry about five
Instead of one "I will?"

So I may be a teacher,
A WAAC or a WAVE,
Right now I'm trying hard,
My sanity to save.

—L. L.

GOLDEN WINGS

Although the life of a librarian may seem dull to the average student there are a good many activities going on, although hidden from her eyes. The main behind-the-scenes' occupation of the librarian and her assistants is the maintenance of books and keeping records of them. To the casual visitor the work looks a little simple and not particularly interesting; *they* have never endeavored to keep track of the circulation of a college library, nor have they ever tried to classify and catalogue books while an adamant Freshman, Sophomore or upper-classman, demands to know why the books for her term paper are not in the library when said student needs them. The fact that she has put off her paper until the last week of the term or that we are not mind-readers is quite overlooked. As soon as the desired books have been located everything settles down to normal . . . for five minutes. In that time the one who has been cataloguing has advanced to the next book and, finding it particularly interesting to her, has wiped off her perspiring face with a paper towel so that she can see to glance through the book. Someone has used the towel to smooth the rubber cement off her scrap-book clippings. Now at twenty minutes before lunch the librarian is a sight to behold. Suddenly a masculine voice is heard booming (and I *mean* booming) at the desk. The soft whisper of the S. A.* can be heard, but it obviously makes no impression on the man. "I'd like to see your Library and would like to inquire if you have any books on my subject here." Again the murmur of the girl at the desk can be heard—there is a pause and then a voice that would make Gabriel blush with envy, rings out, "I can't hear a word you are saying, my dear, I'm

stone deaf!" This is too much for the already amused students in the Library, a loud giggle passes through the reading-room to which the gentleman is quite oblivious and which to the S. A. is quite obvious. There is a noise that means the desk assistant has tripped over the base of one of the columns, as usual, on her way to the office of the "Management." Finally the gentleman is pacified and we all go home to lunch.

The afternoon starts off peacefully enough but by the time George brings in the afternoon mail the girl at the desk has run downstairs twice to tell people they are wanted on the telephone, and has run upstairs to the magazine room innumerable times to show students where the bound magazines are, or where certain much-needed books on Mathematics, Psychology, or Religion have hidden themselves. "Why can't I take this book out? I need it for my term paper (or my parallel)." Well, so do about sixty other people and (this is always a pleasing occurrence) the average student understands and is quite nice about it all.

Chairs are being shoved against the tables in a none-too-gentle hint for the kids to go home to supper. Magazines are straightened. Some people have a simply uncanny knowledge of the alphabet; 'J' comes directly after McCall's in their warped minds, and the American Magazine goes *nowhere* but on the top shelf of the first rack of magazines before 'Adult.' Then the clock clicks and the tired but triumphant voice of the S. A. cries, "It's six o'clock, goodbye!" Last minute books are slipped and put up, a heart-, hand-, and sometimes head-breaking job. The last girl leaves, and peace has come at last to the weary ones with the closing of the front door.

*Not the usual meaning, this is Student Assistant.

What has this to do with wings? Why, as the Student Assistant stands there and waits for the others, she feels in her heart that she would not change her work for any other. Because here in this building the doors of all the knowledge of the world open and entice the thoughtful student into their sometimes musty but al-

ways full and rich teachings. As the student fastens her eyes absently on the golden pools, splashed by the setting sun on the shining desks and chairs and floor, the pools turn into wings, golden wings that carry her to all that is true and vibrant and good.

—R. S.

ONE SOUL SUPREME

(Continued from page 9)

hated her—hated her passionately because he *had* loved and *still* loved her passionately.

Again she heard Paul's words about the man of the poem. "He pampered his soul; but he was never happy." Suddenly she realized a truth. "I'm not happy either," she said. "Not really happy." For the first time in her life she was being honest with herself about her emotions. Yet, even though she was alone, and even though she thought it, she would not blame herself for the unhappiness; nor would she admit that alone she was not sufficient for herself.

She dropped her feet—pulled herself upright on the couch. She felt dizzy, with only blackness around her; there was a dull aching in her head. Her mind formed a parallel. She thought how like her own life was this lost feeling now . . . Groping . . . That's what she was doing—groping for happiness.

For a minute she distrusted her emotions. She stood up, leaned against the fireplace, lighted a cigarette, and inhaled deeply. "I need you, Paul," she admitted. "I've got to have you back."

She was smoking slowly as though she sought to get from these full breaths a sense of time and assurance of what she was to do. The decision was hers, she knew. If she chose, she could continue to live as she had been living—self-supreme, but without Paul and without too much happiness. Yet if she desired to have him back, she must first sacrifice self to ask him to

come. She thought through the situation logically—as logically as she would have determined the fate of one of her characters. But this time Sidney was competing with another force. This time she must make a decision that would satisfy her own emotions. And Sidney loved.

Her sensitive fingers dialed the telephone number mechanically. The voice that answered was Paul's, as she had known it would be.

"Paul," she said huskily, "remember that house by the side of the road you mentioned? Would you help me build it?"

She didn't wait to hear his reply. She was sure of herself now—knew that in a few minutes he would come, for she had bowed her spirit to his. He would come and talk with her, plan with her, dream with her. Companionship with him would be good for her. If Paul only weren't so earthy in his living, she thought. If only he had family position and education and deeper, more idealistic thoughts so that he could be a more perfect companion for her.

Sidney glanced at her watch—10:35. He'd be there by 11:00, she knew. She walked to the window—once more leaned dreamily against the casing, looking out into the night. Her eyebrow arched in the same old way. There was a faint trace of a smile turning up the corners of her mouth.

"Yes, Paul, we'll be together," she said meditatively. "We'll build our house by the side of the road; but I'll keep my 'palace of art.' And someday I'll raise you to what I am."

—M. C.

PASSAGE FOR ONE

(Continued from page 5)

turn her loose in this matter? I—I haven't any reason—any concrete reason, that is, except that I feel my daughter is too dainty, too sweet, too feminine to have to meet the harsh realities of life as an army officer's wife. I'm willing she should marry—and live a beautiful and peaceful life—but after the war. If—if Peggy's husband should be killed—or come back disabled—why all the youthfulness would go out of her life. Peggy's filled with the fine, blazing, carefree joy of living that is so easily lost when the living becomes too strenuous."

Hamilton sat silent for a moment. With all the wisdom of his twenty-eight years he understood the father's attitude. Suddenly the hot noisy atmosphere of the station beat in upon him. His very brain was tired and shriveled. His very limbs hung limp with fatigue as though he had just that moment returned from battle over Tunisian sands.

"Sir," he turned to Jones, "I see your points all too clearly. The difficulty is—"

From the loudspeaker the metallic voice of the plane dispatcher sounded. Both men stood up, alert gathering their bags. Slowly they shouldered their way to the exit and on to the run way.

"Well," Jones sighed, "there's our plane. If we're lucky perhaps we can sit together."

"Quite a crowd, isn't there? I had no idea—"

"So," Jones returned to his problem, "My daughter's a bit too young for marriage. Perhaps in a few years she'll have fortitude behind her and will be ready to do battle with the world. The struggle would be too much for her—she'd lose relish to enjoy things—become old."

"But, sir," Hamilton spoke with urgency, "while life does take the zest, the bouyancy out of one—isn't that the very essence of life?"

The stewardess had been efficiently checking passengers against seats while the people slowly

boarded the plane. Jones and Hamilton were the last in line and the girl glanced up worriedly as Jones made to step into the plane.

"I'm sorry, sir, but there is only one seat. Did either of you have reservations?"

"No," Jones spoke shortly—a man of big business dealing with a minor matter. "I'm making a hurried trip to talk my—," he paused.

"Are you on furlough, Major, or on official business?"

"No," Hamilton quickly acknowledged. "This is just a pleasure trip even though I'm on a furlough. Mr. Jones has important business, so—"

"Wait—wait a minute," Jones interrupted. "You're on your way to see your girl—."

"But what about your daughter?"

"I—I've no right to keep Peggy as I would a hothouse plant—merely for my own enjoyment. You were right, the greatest joy in life is struggling, and fighting, and planning one's own life. My daughter shan't be denied that—er—pleasure." He paused for a second, "I can catch the noon train and be there for the wedding, at least."

Hamilton was about to speak but Jones continued, "The Major," he raised his voice, "the Major will take that seat, stewardess."

The roar of the propellers had started.

Jones sighed heavily, "I suppose it's time Peggy settled down with a husband and began a family. Well," he brightened and turned to Hamilton, "good luck to you and your girl."

Hamilton smiled boyishly as he stepped aboard, "Thank you, sir," he shouted, "I'll tell Peggy. We'll name the first boy for you. See you at the wedding! Goodbye!"

Jones strained to catch the man's words but failed. "Humm, wondered what he said—something about Peggy—a fine boy—wouldn't mind having him for a son-in-law—."

The plane—amber metal in the fresh morning sun, sped down the run way—every seat filled.

—F. S.

FLIGHT

(Continued from page 7)

der neck. As I watched it, longingly, wishing to drift up to it, slowly the swan changed into a boy's bobbing kite. As I gazed and gazed, my thoughts dipped into and then drew fearfully away from life and death and those who are miles and miles away and those who are farther than miles away.

The kind, intense face of the little, old woman right at the top of the sky looked down at me dreamily. Her soft white hair waved about her face, weathered by sky-life's storms, and yet daintily feminine with all its sympathetic strength. There was the white bearded old gentleman with a cane in his hand, and near by was a quaint little dumpy house with rickety cloud walls and smoke drifting in lopsided puffs out of the crooked little chimney. Then gradually almost imperceptibly, ceased to be a house and became a volcano, a heavenly Vesuvius, spitting out its smoke as it told a tale of aeons of cloud life in the sky and of summer days like this millions of years ago.

Through the blue sky my eyes drifted from cloud islands peopled with sky-nymphs to the

cloud islands of droll little elves who dangled their feet in the blue waters. I looked wonderingly from one range of white cloud mountains to another and then lingered on one wonderful, mysterious mountain range of clouds. Why (my wonders ran away with me) do we have such a beautiful roof over our heads? Why am I so far away that I can never touch that dear old lady on her soft cloud arm, and yet am so close that the calm immortality of my dreamland in the sky slips into my soul, nestling there with the warm, understandable feeling that life will always be real as long as my soultips can touch the sky in summer? What lies behind that range of cloud hills? What land of sky? A silver streak gleamed as an airplane sailed through from behind the cloud range. A pilot was winging his way through my castle of air, creating perhaps in his solitude a cloudland of his own imagination, and feeling, too, a kinship with the sky. The plane soaring overhead was not marring my land of dreams, but the thought of a human up in that sky was winging my soul closer than it had ever been before on a perfect summer day to my castle in the air.

—S. A. W.

PAN HANDLES IT

(Continued from page 17)

this" . . . "Gad, remember the last play?"

Someone moved the candle over near Jenny's chair. She sat very quietly and there was a hush in the room. Slowly, calmly, she began. The candlelight shed a new beauty upon her face, and as Judith, held the attention of every person in the room. Her voice rose and fell; then she got up and moved restlessly around the room. And then she was almost through . . . "Alden . . . Alden darling—I'm coming to the party after all—if you want me . . . Oh, thanks, I'd love to . . . that's just what I want—a

chance to celebrate and plenty to drink.—Alden, Alden, I'll be there with bells on." With a triumphant and defiant ring, she ceased speaking. She dropped quickly into the chair and folded her hands. Still there was not a sound in the room.

Then the spell was broken as the lights came flashing back on and Simpson's voice drifted up the stairs. The group in the room applaud wildly. Sanborn turned to Pan and saw tears in her eyes. And he himself was amazed to feel the flesh on his arms quickly rise in goose pimples. "Gad, woman," he exclaimed. "You weren't kidding, were you? She's *marvelous*! Get her

over here, will you? I want words with that redhead!"

It was all Pan could do to keep from hopping up and down and shouting. But Sanborn would never have known it for she suppressed her excitement well. She stood up and caught Jenny's eye. Jenny moved deftly through the mob in the crowded room and joined them on the staircase. Pan had scarcely finished the introductions when Sanborn clasped Jenny's hand excitedly and said, "Young lady, you and I have much to discuss. First, would you like the lead in "Gone With the Breeze," second, could you come to Hollywood immediately to be tested, and third, will you talk this hard headed room-mate of your into giving up the idea of getting married to come and play an important part in the same picture?" Jenny's face held such a dazed expression that Pan had to pinch her. "Well, what do you think?"

Jenny shook her head slowly. "I don't know exactly what to think. I *must* be dreaming!"

Sanborn interrupted. "How about it, Miss Dunn?" Do you think it could be arranged?"

"Well yes, I'm sure it could be arranged, but honestly, I'm so *amazed*."

Sanborn chuckled like a happy child. He rubbed his hands together and said, "Well, this calls for a toast. Excuse me while I get some punch."

Suddenly Jenny snapped out of the daze. "Pan, what was that man talking about when he said talk you out of getting married? What'd he mean?"

"Oh, that. That was just a little fabricating

on my part. I had to stall him off until I had a chance to prove to him what a trooper I have for a room-mate. I'd have been scared to death to go to Hollywood all by myself!"

"Pan, you beat-up rat! You might have spoiled all your chances." Suddenly Jenny's eyes filled with tears.

"Hey, goon, what's the meaning of this?" Pan extended a handkerchief and as she did, she noticed the ring on her hand. "Good lord, I've got to give this ring back to Simpie. She just lent it to me for the play." She looked up and saw Gary Sanborn and Miss Simpson working their way toward them—Sanborn bore four tall glasses of punch.

Jenny caught Sanborn's eye and winked. "Pan is forsaking love for Hollywood, Mr. Sanborn. She may even break her engagement!"

"Fine, fine," he said. Then in a booming voice, "Attention, everybody. I have an important announcement to make. I have just persuaded two of your cast members to return to Hollywood with me for screen tests. You probably know without my telling you who I mean. I propose a toast to Miss Jenny Dunn and Miss Pan Crews!"

There was a gasp of surprise which seemed to sway the room, and then followed friendly applause.

Jenny's glass touched Pan's lightly, "To the future, then, my pet. May it fly by as successfully as our past."

Pan wrinkled her nose and smiled back. "Yes, that's a nice thought. Wings to the future."

—M. A. M.

